A

POEM

UPON THE

DEATH

OF

His Late Highneſs,

OLIVER,

Lord Protector

OF

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, & IRELAND.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

LONDON,

Printed for *William Wilſon*; and are to be ſold in *Well-Yard*, near *Little St. Bartholomew's Hoſpital*, 1659.

PR3420
P7
1659
Rare bk room

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARIES
CHICAGO, ILL.

1160566

HEROICK STANZA'S,

Consecrated to the Memory of

His HIGHNESS,

OLIVER,

Late Lord PROTECTOR

OF THIS

COMMONWEALTH, &c.

Written after the Celebrating of his Funeral.

I.

AND now 'tis time; for their officious haste,
Who would before have born him to the Sky,
Like eager *Romans*, e'er all Rites were past,
Did let too soon the sacred Eagle fly.

II.

Though our best Notes are Treason to his Fame,
Join'd with the loud Applause of publick Voice;
Since Heaven, what Praise we offer to his Name,
Hath render'd too Authentick by its Choice.

III.

Though in his Praise no Arts can liberal be;
Since they, whose Muses have the highest flown,
Add not to his Immortal Memory;
But do an Act of Friendship to their own.

IV.

Yet 'tis our Duty, and our Interest too,
Such Monuments as we can build, to raise;
Lest all the World prevent what we shou'd do,
And claim a Title in him by their Praise.

V.

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a Fame so truly Circular?
For in a Round, what Order can be shew'd,
Where all the Parts so equal perfect are?

VI. His

VI.

His Grandeur he deriv'd from Heav'n alone,
For he was great e'er Fortune made him ſo;
And Wars, like Miſts that riſe againſt the Sun,
Made him but greater ſeem, not greater grow.

VII.

No borrow'd Bays his Temples did adorn,
But to our Crown he did freſh Jewels bring;
Nor was his Vertue poiſon'd, ſoon as born,
With the too early Thoughts of being King.

VIII.

Fortune (that eaſie Miſtreſs of the Young,
But to her ancient Servants coy and hard)
Him, at that Age, her Favourites rank'd among,
When ſhe her beſt-lov'd *Pompey* did diſcard.

IX.

He, private, mark'd the Faults of others Sway,
And ſet as Sea-marks for himſelf to ſhun;
Not like raſh Monarchs, who their Youth betray,
By Acts their Age too late wou'd wiſh undone.

X.

And yet Dominion was not his Design;
We owe that Bleſſing not to him, but Heav'n,
Which to fair Acts unſought Rewards did join,
Rewards that leſs to him, than us, were giv'n.

XI.

Our former Chiefs, like Sticklers of the War,
First ſought t' inflame the Parties, then to poiſe:
The Quarrel lov'd, but did the Cauſe abhor;
And did not ſtrike to hurt, but make a noiſe.

XII.

War, our Conſumption, was their gainful Trade;
We inward bled, whilſt they prolong'd our Pain;
He fought to end our Fighting, and aſſay'd
To ſtench the Blood by breathing of the Vein.

XIII.

Swift and reſiſtleſs through the Land he paſs'd,
Like that bold *Greek*, who did the Eaſt ſubdue;
And made to Battels ſuch Heroick Haſte,
As if on Wings of Victory he flew.

XIV. He

XIV.

He fought ſecure of Fortune, as of Fame;
Till by new Maps, the Iſland might be ſhown,
Of Conqueſts which he ſtrew'd where-e'er he came,
Thick as the *Galaxy* with Stars are ſown.

XV.

His Palms, tho under Weights they did not ſtand,
Still thriv'd; no Winter could his Laurels fade:
Heaven in his Portraict ſhew'd a Work-man's Hand,
And drew it perfect, yet without a Shade.

XVI.

Peace was the Prize of all his Toil and Care,
Which War had baniſh'd, and did now reſtore:
Bologna's Walls thus mounted in the Air,
To ſeat themſelves more ſurely than before.

XVII.

Her Safety, reſcu'd *Ireland*, to him owes;
And treacherous *Scotland*, to no Int'reſt true,
Yet bleſs'd that Fate which did his Arms diſpoſe,
Her Land to civilize, as to ſubdue.

XVIII. Nor

XVIII.

Nor was he like those Stars which only shine,
When to pale Mariners they Storms portend:
He had his calmer Influence, and his Mien
Did Love and Majesty together blend.

XIX.

'Tis true, his Countenance did imprint an Awe,
And naturally all Souls to his did bow;
As Wands of Divination downward draw,
And point to Beds where Soveraign Gold doth grow.

XX.

When past all Offerings to *Pheretrian Jove*,
His *Mars* depos'd, and Arms to Gowns made yield;
Successful Counsels did him soon approve,
As fit for close Intrigues as open Field.

XXI.

To suppliant *Holland* he vouchsaf'd a Peace,
Our once bold Rival in the *British* Main,
Now ramely glad her unjust Claim to cease,
And buy our Friendship with her Idol, Gain.

XXII.

Fame of th'asserted Sea, through *Europe* blown,
Made *France* and *Spain* ambitious of his Love;
Each knew that Side must conquer, he wou'd own;
And for him fiercely, as for Empire, strove.

XXIII.

No sooner was the *French*-Man's Cause embrac'd,
Than the light *Monsieur* the grave *Don* out-weigh'd:
His Fortune turn'd the Scale, where-e'er 'twas cast,
Tho *Indian* Mines were in the other laid.

XXIV.

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his Right;
For tho some meaner Artist's Skill were shown,
In mingling Colours, or in placing Light;
Yet still the fair Designment was his own.

XXV.

For from all Tempers he cou'd Service draw;
The Worth of each, with its Alloy, he knew;
And, as the Confident of Nature, saw
How the Complections did divide, and brew.

XXVI.

Or he their ſingle Vertues did ſurvey,
By Intuition, in his own large Breaſt,
Where all the rich *Idea's* of them lay,
That were the Rule and Meaſure to the reſt.

XXVII.

When ſuch Heroick Vertue Heaven ſets out,
The Stars, like Commons, ſullenly obey;
Becauſe it drains them, when it comes about;
And therefore is a Tax they ſeldom pay.

XXVIII.

From this high Spring, our Foreign Conqueſts flow,
Which yet more glorious Triumphs do portend;
Since their Commencement to his Arms they owe,
If Springs as high as Fountains may aſcend.

XXIX.

He made us Free-men of the Continent,
Whom Nature did like Captives treat before:
To nobler Preys the *Engliſh* Lion ſent,
And taught him firſt in *Belgian* Walks to roar.

XXX.

That old unquestion'd Pirate of the Land,
Proud *Rome*, with Dread, the Fate of *Dunkirk* heard;
And trembling, wish'd behind more *Alps* to stand,
Although an *Alexander* were her Guard.

XXXI.

By his Command we boldly cross'd the Line,
And bravely fought where Southern Stars arise:
We trac'd the far-fetch'd Gold unto the Mine,
And that which brib'd our Fathers, made our Prize.

XXXII.

Such was our Prince, yet own'd a Soul above
The highest Acts it cou'd produce to show:
Thus poor Mechanick Arts in Publick move,
Whilst the deep Secrets beyond Practice go.

XXXIII.

Nor dy'd he when his Ebbing Fame went less,
But when fresh Laurels courted him to live:
He seem'd but to prevent some new Success,
As if above what Triumphs Earth could give.

XXXIV. His

XXXIV.

His latest Victories still thickest came,
As near the Centre, Motion does increase;
Till he, pres'd down by his own weighty Name,
Did, like the Vestal, under Spoils decease.

XXXV.

But first, the Ocean, as a Tribute, sent
That Giant Prince of all her Watry Herd;
And th' Isle, when her protecting *Genius* went,
Upon his Obsequies loud Sighs conferr'd.

XXXVI.

No Civil Broils have since his Death arose,
But Faction now, by Habit, does obey;
And Wars have that Respect for his Repose,
As Winds for *Halcyons*, when they breed at Sea.

XXXVII.

His Ashes in a Peaceful Urn shall rest,
His Name a great Example stands to show,
How strangely high Endeavours may be bless'd,
Where Piety and Valour jointly go.

FINIS.